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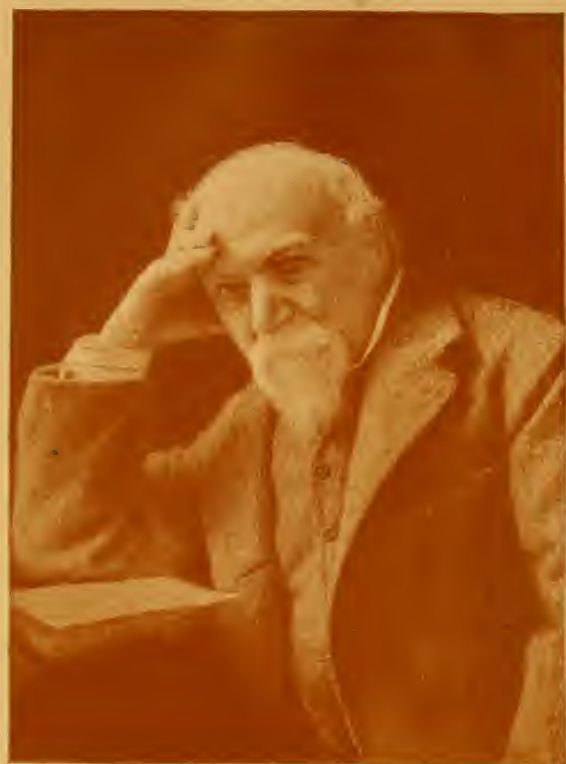
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A BROWNING CALENDAR



A BROWNING  
CALENDAR

EDITED BY

CONSTANCE M. SPENDER



NEW YORK

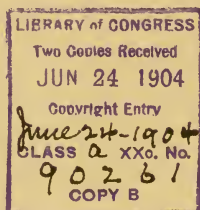
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## JANUARY

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### JANUARY FIRST

**T**HEN life is—to wake not sleep,  
Rise and not rest, but press  
From earth's level where blindly creep  
Things perfected, more or less,  
To the heaven's height, far and steep.

REVERIE

### JANUARY SECOND

It was eve,  
The second of the year, and oh so cold!  
Ever and anon there flittered through the air  
A snow-flake, and a scanty couch of snow  
Crusted the grass-walk and the garden-mould.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

### JANUARY THIRD

Nine days o' the Birth-Feast did I pause and pray  
To enter into no temptation more.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

### JANUARY FOURTH

Be love your light and trust your guide.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES

#### JANUARY FIFTH

Let earth's old life once more enmesh us.

ASOLANDO

#### JANUARY SIXTH

So did the star rise, soon to lead my step,  
Lead on, nor pause before it should stand still  
Above the House o' the Babe.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

#### JANUARY SEVENTH

Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,  
Or what 's a heaven for?

ANDREA DEL SARTO

#### JANUARY EIGHTH

God gives each man one life, like a lamp, then  
gives  
That lamp due measure of oil: lamp lighted —  
hold high, wave wide  
Its comfort for others to share! once quench it,  
what help is left?

DRAMATIC IDYLS

#### JANUARY NINTH

My business is not to remake myself,  
But make the absolute best of what God made.

BISHOP BLOUGRAM'S APOLOGY

#### JANUARY TENTH

Have people time and patience  
Nowadays for thoughts in rhyme?

THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

## JANUARY ELEVENTH

Work freely done should balance happiness  
Fully enjoyed.

A FORGIVENESS

## JANUARY TWELFTH

Govern for the many first,  
The poor mean multitude, all mouths and eyes:  
Bid the few, better favoured in the brain,  
Be patient, nor presume on privilege.

PRINCE HOHENSTIEL-SCHWANGAU

## JANUARY THIRTEENTH

Love should be absolute love,  
Faith is in fulness or naught.

JOCOSERIA

## JANUARY FOURTEENTH

Patience and self-devotion, fortitude,  
Simplicity and utter truthfulness.

KING VICTOR AND KING CHARLES

## JANUARY FIFTEENTH

Ah, but the best  
Somehow eludes us ever, still might be,  
And is not.

SORDELLO

## JANUARY SIXTEENTH

This world's no blot for us,  
Nor blank; it means intensely, and means good.

FRA LIPPO LIPPI

JANUARY SEVENTEENTH

Bravely bustle through thy being, busy thee for ill  
or good.

Reap this life's success or failure! Soon shall things  
be unperplexed

And the right and wrong, now tangled, lie unrav-  
elled in the next.

LA SAISIAZ

JANUARY EIGHTEENTH

Look up, advance! All now is possible,  
Fact's grandeur, no false dreaming!

LURIA

JANUARY NINETEENTH

Be a man!

Bear thine own burden, never think to thrust  
Thy fate upon another.

BALAUSTION'S ADVENTURE

JANUARY TWENTIETH

Act by the present life!

THE RING AND THE BOOK

JANUARY TWENTY-FIRST

Who's alive?

Our men scarce seem in earnest now.

Distinguished names!—but 't is, somehow,

As if they played at being names

Still more distinguished, like the games

Of children.

WARING

#### JANUARY TWENTY-SECOND

Evil or good may be better or worse  
In the human heart, but the mixture of each  
Is a marvel and a curse.

GOLD HAIR

#### JANUARY TWENTY-THIRD

Good, to forgive;  
Best, to forget!

LA SAISIAZ

#### JANUARY TWENTY-FOURTH

Oh, Day, if I squander a wavelet of thee,  
A mite of my twelve hours' treasure,  
The least of thy gazes or glances,  
My Day, if I squander such labour or leisure,  
Then shame fall on Asolo, mischief on me!

PIPPA PASSES

#### JANUARY TWENTY-FIFTH

So, through the thunder comes a human voice  
Saying, "Oh heart I made, a heart beats here!  
Face, my hands fashioned, see it in myself!  
Thou hast no power, nor mayst conceive of mine,  
But love I gave thee, with myself to love.  
And thou must love me who have died for thee!"

AN EPISTLE

#### JANUARY TWENTY-SIXTH

One of God's large ones.

SORDELLO

JANUARY TWENTY-SEVENTH

Ere stars were thundergirt, or piled  
The heavens, God thought on me his child;  
Ordained a life for me, arrayed  
Its circumstances every one  
To the minutest.

JOHANNES AGRICOLA IN MEDITATION

JANUARY TWENTY-EIGHTH

Doing the King's work all the dim day long.

HOW IT STRIKES A CONTEMPORARY

JANUARY TWENTY-NINTH

Prison-roof shall break one day and Heaven beam  
o'erhead.

THE INN ALBUM

JANUARY THIRTIETH

I find earth not grey but rosy,  
Heaven not grim but fair of hue.

AT THE "MERMAID"

JANUARY THIRTY-FIRST

Life is probation and the earth no goal  
But starting point of man.

THE RING AND THE BOOK



## FEBRUARY

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### FEBRUARY FIRST

**R**EJOICE that man is hurled  
From change to change unceasingly,  
His soul's wings never furled!

JAMES LEE'S WIFE

### FEBRUARY SECOND

Praise and glory of white womanhood.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

### FEBRUARY THIRD

Man should be humble ; you are very proud :  
And God, dethroned, has doleful plagues for such !

PARACELSUS

### FEBRUARY FOURTH

While small birds said to themselves  
What should soon be actual song.

WARING

### FEBRUARY FIFTH

Too much love there can never be.

CHRISTMAS EVE

#### FEBRUARY SIXTH

So sage and certain, frank and free,  
About what 's under lock and key—  
Man's soul!

DRAMATIC IDYLS

#### FEBRUARY SEVENTH

Mankind is ignorant, and man am I!  
Call ignorance my sorrow, not my sin.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

#### FEBRUARY EIGHTH

Life's a little thing!  
Such as it is, then, pass life pleasantly  
From day to night, nor once grieve all the while!

ARISTOPHANES' APOLOGY

#### FEBRUARY NINTH

Men should, for love's sake, in love's strength believe.

A DEATH IN THE DESERT

#### FEBRUARY TENTH

Oh, live and love worthily, bear and be bold!  
Whom Summer made friends of, let Winter  
estrangle!

JAMES LEE'S WIFE

#### FEBRUARY ELEVENTH

How thanklessly you view things! There the root  
Of the evil, source of the entire mistake:  
You see no worth i' the world, nature and life,  
Unless we change what is to what may be.

PRINCE HOHENSTIEL-SCHWANGAU



## FEBRUARY TWELFTH

Love was the startling thing, the new:  
Love was the all-sufficient too;  
And seeing that, you see the rest.

CHRISTMAS EVE

## FEBRUARY THIRTEENTH

He will live, nay, it pleaseth him to live  
So long as God please, and just how God please.  
He even seeketh not to please God more  
(Which meaneth, otherwise) than as God please.

AN EPISTLE

## FEBRUARY FOURTEENTH

For Spring bade the sparrows pair,  
And the boys and girls gave guesses,  
And stalls in our street looked rare  
With bulrush and water-cresses.

YOUTH AND ART

## FEBRUARY FIFTEENTH

Man is not God but hath God's end to serve,  
A master to obey, a course to take,  
Somewhat to cast off, somewhat to become?  
Grant this, then man must pass from old to new,  
From vain to real, from mistake to fact,  
From what once seemed good, to what now proves  
best.

A DEATH IN THE DESERT

## FEBRUARY SIXTEENTH

And since I am but man, I dare not do God's work  
Until assured I see with God.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

#### FEBRUARY SEVENTEENTH

Life means—learning to abhor  
The false, and love the true, truth  
Treasured snatch by snatch.

FIFINE AT THE FAIR

#### FEBRUARY EIGHTEENTH

Oh, save that brow its virgin dimness,  
Keep that foot its lady primness,  
Let those ankles never swerve  
From their exquisite reserve.

PIPPA PASSES

#### FEBRUARY NINETEENTH

I know thee, who hast kept my path, and made  
Light for me in the darkness, tempering sorrow  
So that it reached me like a solemn joy.

PARACELSUS

#### FEBRUARY TWENTIETH

I count life just a stuff  
To try the soul's strength on, educe the man.

IN A BALCONY

#### FEBRUARY TWENTY-FIRST

Faith is my waking life:  
One sleeps, indeed, and dreams at intervals,  
We know, but waking's the main point with us.

BISHOP BLOUGRAM'S APOLOGY

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND

Oh, if we draw a circle premature,  
Heedless of far gain,  
Greedy for quick returns of profit, sure  
Bad is our bargain.

A GRAMMARIAN'S FUNERAL

FEBRUARY TWENTY-THIRD

God, whom I praise; how could I praise,  
If such as I might understand,  
Make out and reckon on his ways?

JOHANNES AGRICOLA IN MEDITATION

FEBRUARY TWENTY-FOURTH

Such a spirit  
Shall hold the path from which our staunchest  
broke;  
Stand firm where every famed precursor fell.

LURIA

FEBRUARY TWENTY-FIFTH

You're my friend—  
What a thing friendship is, world without end!  
How it gives the heart and soul a stir-up!

THE FLIGHT OF THE DUCHESS

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SIXTH

Faith  
That, some far day, were found  
Ripeness in things now rathe,  
Wrong righted, each chain unbound,  
Renewal born out of scathe.

REVERIE

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SEVENTH

As man,  
With a man's will, when I say "I intend,"  
I can intend up to a certain point,  
No farther.

KING VICTOR AND KING CHARLES

FEBRUARY TWENTY-EIGHTH

Say, does the seed scorn earth and seek the sun?  
Surely it has no other end and aim  
Than to drop, once more die into the ground,  
Taste cold and darkness and oblivion there:  
And thence rise, tree-like grow through pain to  
joy,  
More joy and most joy,—do man good again.

BALAUSTION'S ADVENTURE

FEBRUARY TWENTY-NINTH

So, life can boast its day, like leap-year,  
Stolen from death!

ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER



## MARCH

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### MARCH FIRST

GIVE yourself, excluding aught beside,  
To the day's task.

SORDELLO

### MARCH SECOND

Truth remains true, the fault's in the prover.

CHRISTMAS EVE

### MARCH THIRD

In March, a double rainbow stopped the storm.

PIPPA PASSES

### MARCH FOURTH

A warm March day, just that!  
Just so much sunshine as the cottage child  
Basks in delighted, while the cottager  
Takes off his bonnet, as he ceases work,  
To catch the more of it.

KING VICTOR AND KING CHARLES

### MARCH FIFTH

Be sure that God ne'er dooms to waste the strength  
He deigns impart.

PARACELSUS

MARCH SIXTH

Be all the earth a wilderness,  
Only let me go on, go on,  
Still hoping, ever and anon,  
To reach on eve the better land.

CHRISTMAS EVE

MARCH SEVENTH

Oh, life! life-breath!  
Life-blood! ere sleep come  
Travail, life ere death.

SORDELLO

MARCH EIGHTH

Henceforth I asked God counsel, not mankind.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

MARCH NINTH

The morn when first it thunders in March,  
The eel in the pond gives a leap, they say.

OLD PICTURES IN FLORENCE

MARCH TENTH

Oh what a dawn of day!  
How the March sun feels like May!  
All is blue again,  
After last night's rain,  
And the South dries the hawthorn-spray.

A LOVERS' QUARREL

MARCH ELEVENTH

Air, air, fresh life-blood, thin and searching air,  
The clear, dear breath of God that loveth us,  
Where small birds reel and winds take their delight!  
Water is beautiful, but not like air.

PAULINE

MARCH TWELFTH

Best love of all is God's.

PIPPA PASSES

MARCH THIRTEENTH

Commend me to home-joy, the family-board, altar,  
and hearth.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

MARCH FOURTEENTH

Most progress is most failure.

CLEON

MARCH FIFTEENTH

Winter's in wane. His vengeful worst art thou,  
To dash the boldness of advancing March.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

MARCH SIXTEENTH

The chivalry  
That dares the right, and  
Disregards alike the "Yea"  
And "Nay" o' the world.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

#### MARCH SEVENTEENTH

Man is born nowise to content himself, but please  
God.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

#### MARCH EIGHTEENTH

The woods were long austere with snow: at last  
Pink leaflets budded on the beech, and fast  
Larches, scattered through pine-tree solitudes,  
... Grew young again  
To placid incantations.

SORDELLO

#### MARCH NINETEENTH

He thought I could not properly forgive, unless I  
ceased  
Forgetting, which is true.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

#### MARCH TWENTIETH

God has conceded two sights to a man —  
One, of men's whole work, time's completed plan;  
The other, of the minute's work, man's first  
Step to the plan's completeness.

SORDELLO

#### MARCH TWENTY-FIRST

What is our failure here but a triumph's evidence  
For the fulness of the days?

ABT VOGLER



#### MARCH TWENTY-SECOND

Ivy and violet, what do ye here,  
With blossom and shoot in the warm Spring weather?

COLOMBE'S BIRTHDAY

#### MARCH TWENTY-THIRD

Sky laughs blue, earth blossoms youthfully.

ARISTOPHANES' APOLOGY

#### MARCH TWENTY-FOURTH

I show you doubt, to prove that faith exists.  
The more of doubt, the stronger faith I say,  
If faith o'ercomes doubt.

BISHOP BLOUGRAM'S APOLOGY

#### MARCH TWENTY-FIFTH

Lily of a maiden, white with impact leaf,  
Guessed through the sheaf that saved it from the  
sun.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

#### MARCH TWENTY-SIXTH

My God, my God, let me for once look on thee!  
I need thee and I feel thee and I love thee.  
I do not plead my rapture in thy works  
For love of thee, nor that I feel as one  
Who cannot die: but there is that in me  
Which turns to thee, which loves or which should  
love.

PAULINE

MARCH TWENTY-SEVENTH

Put pain from out the world, what room were left  
For thanks to God, for love to Man?

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES

MARCH TWENTY-EIGHTH

Oft have I been keeping lonely watch with thee  
In the damp night by weeping Olivet,  
Or leaning on thy bosom, proudly less,  
Or dying with thee on the lonely Cross.

PAULINE

MARCH TWENTY-NINTH

Too much love! how could God love so?

EASTER-DAY

MARCH THIRTIETH

Look not thou down but up!  
To uses of a cup,  
The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,  
The new wine's foaming flow  
The Master's lips a-glow!

RABBI BEN EZRA

MARCH THIRTY-FIRST

Only the Cross at end of all.

THE RING AND THE BOOK



## APRIL

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### APRIL FIRST

SOUL that canst soar!  
Body may slumber:  
Body shall cumber  
Soul-flight no more.

LA SAISIAZ

### APRIL SECOND

But Easter-Day breaks!  
Christ rises! Mercy every way  
Is infinite.

EASTER-DAY

### APRIL THIRD

'T was Winter yesterday ; now, all is warmth,  
The green leaf's springing and the turtle's voice,  
"Arise and come away!"

A BLOT IN THE 'SCUTCHEON

### APRIL FOURTH

'T is time new hopes should animate the world,  
New light should dawn from new revealings  
To a race, weighed down so long, forgotten so long!

PARACELSUS

APRIL FIFTH

Robin has built on the apple tree, and our  
Creeper which came to grief  
Through the frost, we feared, is twining  
Round each casement in famous leaf.

DRAMATIC IDYLS

APRIL SIXTH

Spring's come and Summer's coming.

PIPPA PASSES

APRIL SEVENTH

When shy buds venture out,  
And the air by mild degrees  
Puts Winter's death past doubt.

REVERIE

APRIL EIGHTH

Man's work is to labour and leaven—  
As best he may—earth here with heaven.

PACCHIAROTTO

APRIL NINTH

How of the field's fortune? That concerned our  
Leader!  
Led, we struck our stroke nor cared for doings left  
and right:  
Each as on his sole head, failer or succeder,  
Lay the blame or lit the praise: no care for cowards:  
fight!

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES

APRIL TENTH

Hold on, hope hard in the subtle thing  
That's spirit.

PACCHIAROTTO

APRIL ELEVENTH

How April snowed white blossoms!

PIPPA PASSES

APRIL TWELFTH

The tell-tale cuckoo: Spring's his confidant,  
And he lets out her April purposes!

PIPPA PASSES

APRIL THIRTEENTH

A man can have but one life and one death,  
One heaven, one hell.

IN A BALCONY

APRIL FOURTEENTH

Cowslips, abundant birth  
O'er meadow and hillside, vineyard too.

EPILOGUE

[TO PACCHIAROTTO]

APRIL FIFTEENTH

It had got half through April.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

APRIL SIXTEENTH

Knowledge means  
Ever renewed assurance by defeat  
That victory is somehow still to reach,  
But love is victory, the prize itself.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES

APRIL SEVENTEENTH

Here 's the Spring back or close,  
When the almond-blossom blows.

A LOVERS' QUARREL

APRIL EIGHTEENTH

Oh, to be in England  
Now that April 's there,  
And whoever wakes in England  
Sees, some morning, unaware,  
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf  
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,  
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough  
In England—now!

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD

APRIL NINETEENTH

O the rare Spring-time!

JOCHANAN HAKKADOSH

APRIL TWENTIETH

Is it better in May, I ask you? You've Summer  
all at once;  
In a day he leaps complete with a few strong April  
suns.

UP AT A VILLA

APRIL TWENTY-FIRST

Men are not angels, neither are they brutes.

BISHOP BLOUGRAM'S APOLOGY

#### APRIL TWENTY-SECOND

So force is sorrow, and each sorrow force.

THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

#### APRIL TWENTY-THIRD

And—consequent upon the learning how from  
strife

Grew peace—from evil—good came knowledge  
that, to get

Acquaintance with the way o' the world, we must  
nor fret

Nor fume, on altitudes of self-sufficiency,  
But bid a frank farewell to what—we think—  
should be,

And, with as good a grace, welcome what is—we  
find.

FIFINE AT THE FAIR

#### APRIL TWENTY-FOURTH

Neither the wind-blasts always have their strength  
Nor happy men keep happy to the end:

Since all things change—their natures part in  
twain;

And that man's bravest, therefore, who hopes on,  
Hopes ever: to despair is coward-like.

ARISTOPHANES' APOLOGY

#### APRIL TWENTY-FIFTH

Man must be fed with angels' food.

PARACELSUS

#### APRIL TWENTY-SIXTH

The thing wanted, soon or late, will be supplied.

FIFINE AT THE FAIR

APRIL TWENTY-SEVENTH

To me, at least, was never evening yet  
But seemed far beautifuller than its day.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

APRIL TWENTY-EIGHTH

Spring's first breath  
Blew soft from the moist hills; the blackthorn  
boughs,  
So dark in the bare wood, when glistening  
In the sunshine were white with coming buds,  
Like the bright side of a sorrow, and the banks  
Had violets opening from sleep-like eyes.

PAULINE

APRIL TWENTY-NINTH

'T will be, I feel,  
Only in moments that the duty's seen  
As palpably as now: the months, the years  
Of painful indistinctness are to come.

KING VICTOR AND KING CHARLES

APRIL THIRTIETH

No, when the fight begins within himself,  
A man's worth something. God stoops o'er his  
head,  
Satan looks up between his feet—both tug—  
He's left, himself, i' the middle: the soul wakes  
And grows. Prolong that battle through his life!  
Never leave growing till the life to come!

BISHOP BLOUGRAM'S APOLOGY





## MAY

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### MAY FIRST

THIS May breaks all to bud. No Winter now.

THE INN ALBUM

### MAY SECOND

Such a starved bank of moss!

Till that May-morn,  
Blue ran the flash across:

Violets were born!

THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

### MAY THIRD

And after April, when May follows,  
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD

### MAY FOURTH

“I sleep out disappointment.”

“Come along, never lose heart!”

JOCHANAN HAKKADOSH

### MAY FIFTH

Hill and dale

And steel-bright thread of stream, a-smoke with  
mist,

A-sparkle with May morning, diamond drift  
O’ the sun-touched dew.

THE INN ALBUM

MAY SIXTH

And here's May-month, all bloom,  
All bounty.

EPILOGUE

[TO PACCHIAROTTO]

MAY SEVENTH

He at least believed in soul, was very sure of God.

LA SAISIAZ

MAY EIGHTH

The great elm-tree in the open, posed  
Placidly full in front, smooth bole, broad branch,  
And leafage, one green plenitude of May.

THE INN ALBUM

MAY NINTH

This May—what magic weather!

NEVER THE TIME AND THE PLACE

MAY TENTH

Who speaks of man, then, must not sever  
Man's very elements from man.

CHRISTMAS EVE

MAY ELEVENTH

What is left for us, save, in growth  
Of soul, to rise up, far past both,  
From the gift looking to the giver,  
And from the cistern to the river,  
And from the finite to infinity,  
And from man's dust to God's divinity?

CHRISTMAS EVE

## MAY TWELFTH

There must be many a pair of friends  
Who, arm in arm, deserve the warm  
Moon-births and the long evening-ends.  
So, for their sake, be May still May!

MAY AND DEATH

## MAY THIRTEENTH

God is, they are, man partly is and wholly hopes  
to be.

A DEATH IN THE DESERT

## MAY FOURTEENTH

God . . . glows above  
With scarce an intervention, presses close  
And palpitatingly, his soul o'er ours.

LURIA

## MAY FIFTEENTH

So high the sun rides. May's the merry month.

THE INN ALBUM

## MAY SIXTEENTH

The frost is over and gone;  
The South-wind laughs.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

## MAY SEVENTEENTH

Love once, and you love always.

THE INN ALBUM

## MAY EIGHTEENTH

Your reward or soon, or late,  
Will come from him, whom no man serves in vain.

PARACELSUS

MAY NINETEENTH

Ay, here!

Here is earth's noblest, nobly garlanded —  
Her bravest champion with his well-won prize —  
Her best achievement.

PARACELSUS

MAY TWENTIETH

The year's at the spring  
And day's at the morn;  
Morning's at seven;  
The hill-side's dew-pearled;  
The lark's on the wing;  
The snail's on the thorn:  
God's in his heaven —  
All's right with the world!

PIPPA PASSES

MAY TWENTY-FIRST

My part is plain —  
To meet and match the gift and gift  
With love and love, with praise and praise.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES

MAY TWENTY-SECOND

Measure your mind's height by the shade it casts.

PARACELSUS

MAY TWENTY-THIRD

Why live except for love?

THE RING AND THE BOOK

MAY TWENTY-FOURTH

For mankind springs salvation by each hindrance  
interposed.

SORDELLO

MAY TWENTY-FIFTH

'T was a sunrise of blossoming May.

SORDELLO

MAY TWENTY-SIXTH

May's warm slow yellow moonlit nights!

PIPPA PASSES

MAY TWENTY-SEVENTH

God plants us where we grow.  
It is not that because a bud is born  
At a wild briar's end, full in the wild beast's way,  
We ought to pluck and put it out of reach on the  
oak tree-top.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

MAY TWENTY-EIGHTH

I profess no other share  
In the selection of my lot than this—  
My ready answer to the will of God,  
Who summons me to be his organ.

PARACELSUS

MAY TWENTY-NINTH

That May-morning, we two stole  
Under the green ascent of sycamores.

PIPPA PASSES

MAY THIRTIETH

Here is Spring!  
The sun shines as he shone at Adam's fall.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

MAY THIRTY-FIRST

On the sea and at the Hague, sixteen hundred  
ninety-two,  
Did the English fight the French — woe to France!  
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter  
through the blue,  
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of  
sharks pursue,  
Came crowding ship on ship to Saint Malo on the  
Rance,  
With the English fleet in view.

HERVÉ RIEL



## JUNE

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### JUNE FIRST

SOMETIMES when the weather  
Is blue, and warm waves tempt  
To free oneself of tether,  
And try a life exempt  
From worldly noise.

FIFINE AT THE FAIR

### JUNE SECOND

Well for those who live through June!  
Great noontides, thunderstorms, all glaring pomps  
That triumph at the heels of June the god  
Leading his revel through our leafy world.

PIPPA PASSES

### JUNE THIRD

Bind June lilies into sheaves to deck the bridge-  
side chapel.

SORDELLO

### JUNE FOURTH

It is our trust that there is yet another world to  
mend all error and mischance.

PARACELSUS

## JUNE FIFTH

God told him that it was June, and he knew well  
without such telling, that harebells grew in  
June.

PARACELSUS

## JUNE SIXTH

I go to prove my soul!  
I see my way as birds their trackless way.  
I shall arrive! what time, what circuit first,  
I ask not: but unless God send his hail  
Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,  
In some time, his good time, I shall arrive.

PARACELSUS

## JUNE SEVENTH

June's twice June since she breathed it with  
me;  
Come, bud, show me the least of her traces,  
Treasure my lady's lightest footfall!  
—Ah, you may flout and turn up your faces—  
Roses, you are not so fair after all!

GARDEN FANCIES

## JUNE EIGHTH

It was roses, roses, all the way.

THE PATRIOT

## JUNE NINTH

Birth-blush of the briar-rose,  
Mist-bloom of the hedge-sloe.

FLUTE-MUSIC



### JUNE TENTH

You 'll love me yet!—and I can tarry  
Your love's protracted growing:  
June reared that bunch of flowers you carry,  
From seeds of April's sowing.

PIPPA PASSES

### JUNE ELEVENTH

God who registers the cup  
Of mere cold water, for his sake  
To a disciple rendered up,  
Disdains not his own thirst to slake  
At the poorest love was ever offered.

CHRISTMAS EVE

### JUNE TWELFTH

I think, am sure, a brother's love exceeds  
All the world's love in its unworldliness.

A BLOT IN THE 'SCUTCHEON

### JUNE THIRTEENTH

Why stay we on the earth except to grow?

CLEON

### JUNE FOURTEENTH

Lights and shades, murmurs and silences,  
Sun-warmth, dew-coolness,—squirrel, bee and  
bird.

THE INN ALBUM

JUNE FIFTEENTH

Breathe but one breath,  
Rose-beauty above,  
And all that was death  
Grows life, grows love,  
Grows love!

JOCOSERIA

JUNE SIXTEENTH

Flower that 's full-blown tempts the butterfly,  
Not that flower that 's furled.

LA SAISIAZ

JUNE SEVENTEENTH

Ah, the bird-like fluting  
Through the ash-tops yonder—  
Bullfinch-bubbblings, soft sounds suiting  
What sweet thoughts, I wonder?

FLUTE-MUSIC

JUNE EIGHTEENTH

Indeed the especial marking of the man  
Is prone submission to the heavenly will.

AN EPISTLE

JUNE NINETEENTH

O the old wall here! How I could pass  
Life in a long midsummer day,  
My feet confined to a plot of grass,  
My eyes from a wall not once away!

PACCHIAROTTO

### JUNE TWENTIETH

Life and song should away from heart to heart.

PACCHIAROTTO

### JUNE TWENTY-FIRST

But who clothes Summer, who is life itself ?

God, that created all things, can renew!

PARACELSUS

### JUNE TWENTY-SECOND

A broiling blasting June, — was never its like, men  
say.

Corn stood sheaf-ripe already, and trees looked yellow  
as that;

Ponds lay drained dust-dry, the cattle lay foaming  
around each flat.

DRAMATIC IDYLS

### JUNE TWENTY-THIRD

Came the clear voice of the cloistered ones,  
Chanting a chant made for midsummer nights.

I know not what particular praise of God;

It always came and went with June.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

### JUNE TWENTY-FOURTH

Thou with the soul that never can take rest,

Thou born to do, undo, and do again, and never  
to be still.

LURIA

JUNE TWENTY-FIFTH

So we battled it like men,  
Not boylike sulked or whined.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES

JUNE TWENTY-SIXTH

I would love infinitely, and be loved.

PARACELSUS

JUNE TWENTY-SEVENTH

Earth's rose is a bud that 's checked or grows  
As beams may encourage or blasts oppose.

REPHAN

JUNE TWENTY-EIGHTH

Oh lyric love, half angel and half bird,  
And all a wonder and a wild desire!  
Boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun,  
Yet human at the red-ripe of the heart.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

JUNE TWENTY-NINTH

Hill, vale, tree, flower—they stand distinct,  
Nature to know and name.

ASOLANDO

JUNE THIRTIETH

He would not look so joyous—I'll believe  
His very eye would never sparkle thus,  
Had I not prayed for him this long, long while.

STRAFFORD



## JULY

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### JULY FIRST

IS it for nothing we grow old and weak,  
We whom God loves?

A DEATH IN THE DESERT

### JULY SECOND

Religion's all or nothing; it's no mere smile  
O' contentment, sigh of aspiration, sir —  
No quality o' the finelier tempered clay  
Like its whiteness or its likeness; rather, stuff  
O' the very stuff, life of life, and self of self.

MR. SLUDGE, THE MEDIUM

### JULY THIRD

Such ever was love's way : to rise, it stoops.

A DEATH IN THE DESERT

### JULY FOURTH

Reap joy where sorrow was intended grow,  
Of wrong make right, and turn ill good below!

SORDELLO

### JULY FIFTH

True life is only love, love only bliss.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

JULY SIXTH

'T is July, strong now, and white dust-clouds over-  
whelm the woodside.

SORDELLO

JULY SEVENTH

Man's part  
Is plain,—to send love forth,—astray, perhaps:  
No matter, he has done his part.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES

JULY EIGHTH

Love, give love, ask only love and leave the rest.

IN A BALCONY

JULY NINTH

God smiles as he has always smiled.

JOHANNES AGRICOLA

JULY TENTH

Amid the noise of a July noon  
When all God's creatures crave their boon,  
All at once and all in tune.

WARING

JULY ELEVENTH

Overhead the tree-tops meet,  
Flowers and grass spring 'neath one's feet;  
There was naught above me, naught below,  
My childhood had not learned to know:

For, what are the voices of birds  
— Ay, and of beasts, — but words, our words,  
Only so much more sweet?

PIPPA PASSES

#### JULY TWELFTH

To do little is bad, to do nothing is worse.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES

#### JULY THIRTEENTH

Love, hope, fear, faith, — these make humanity,  
These are its sign and note and character.

PARACELSUS

#### JULY FOURTEENTH

Be patient, mark and mend!

DÏS ALITER VISUM

#### JULY FIFTEENTH

Life's i' the tempest;  
Thought clothes the keen hill-top;  
Mid-day woods are fraught with fervour.

SORDELLO

#### JULY SIXTEENTH

You never know what life means till you die;  
Even through life, it's death that makes life live —  
Gives it whatever the significance.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

#### JULY SEVENTEENTH

There's a woman like a dew-drop, she's so purer  
than the purest;  
And her noble heart's the noblest, yes, and her sure  
faith's the surest:  
And her eyes are dark and humid, like the depth  
on depth of lustre  
Hid i' the harebell, while her tresses, sunnier than  
the wild-grape cluster,  
Gush in golden-tinted plenty down her neck's rose-  
misted marble:  
Then her voice's music . . . call it the well's bub-  
bling, the bird's warble!

A BLOT IN THE 'SCUTCHEON

#### JULY EIGHTEENTH

Though he is so bright, and we so dim,  
We are made in his image to witness him.

CHRISTMAS EVE

#### JULY NINETEENTH

All pain must be to work some good in the end.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

#### JULY TWENTIETH

Why repine? there's always someone lives although  
ourselves be dead.

LA SAISIAZ

#### JULY TWENTY-FIRST

Abundant air to breathe, sufficient sun to feel!

FIFINE AT THE FAIR



JULY TWENTY-SECOND

God! Thou art mind! Unto the master-mind  
Mind should be precious.

PARACELSUS

JULY TWENTY-THIRD

Calm sits Caution, rapt with heavenward eye, a  
true confessor's gaze.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

JULY TWENTY-FOURTH

Little and bad exist, are natural,  
Then let me know them and be twice as great.

ARISTOPHANES' APOLOGY

JULY TWENTY-FIFTH

Let each task present  
Its petty good to thee. Waste not thy gifts  
In profitless waiting for the gods' descent.

PARACELSUS

JULY TWENTY-SIXTH

You know how weak the strongest women are.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

JULY TWENTY-SEVENTH

Here, work enough to watch  
The Master work, and catch  
Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true  
play.

RABBI BEN EZRA

JULY TWENTY-EIGHTH

All men hope, and see their hopes frustrate, and  
grieve awhile, and hope anew.

A BLOT IN THE 'SCUTCHEON

JULY TWENTY-NINTH

Shall I find aught new  
In the old and dear?  
In the good and true  
With the changing year?

JAMES LEE'S WIFE

JULY THIRTIETH

What though I sink, another may succeed.

PARACELSUS

JULY THIRTY-FIRST

Is this we live on heaven and the final state, or  
earth, which means probation to the end?

THE RING AND THE BOOK



## AUGUST

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### AUGUST FIRST

FOR life, with all it yields of joy and woe,  
And hope and fear,—believe the aged friend,—  
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love,  
How love might be, hath been indeed, and is.

A DEATH IN THE DESERT

### AUGUST SECOND

Who breaks law, breaks pact, therefore helps him-  
self  
To pleasure and profits, over and above the due.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

### AUGUST THIRD

Every man of the right race bears what at least  
the gods inflict, nor shrinks.

ARISTOPHANES' APOLOGY

### AUGUST FOURTH

{ We find great things are made of little things,  
And things go lessening till at last  
Comes God behind them.

MR. SLUDGE, THE MEDIUM

AUGUST FIFTH

What I aspired to be,  
And was not, comforts me.

RABBI BEN EZRA

AUGUST SIXTH

Could I retain one strain of all the psalm  
Of the angels, one word of the fiat of God!

PARACELSUS

AUGUST SEVENTH

When a man's busy, why, leisure  
Strikes him as wonderful pleasure.

THE GLOVE

AUGUST EIGHTH

Take away love and our earth is a tomb.

FRA LIPPO LIPPI

AUGUST NINTH

We try and cull  
Briars, thistles, from our private plot,  
To mar God's ground where thorns are not.

CHRISTMAS EVE

AUGUST TENTH

God! Thou art love! I build my faith on that.

PARACELSUS

AUGUST ELEVENTH

I thirst for truth, but shall not reach it till I reach  
the source.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

#### AUGUST TWELFTH

Only be sure thy daily life,  
In its peace or in its strife,  
Never shall be unobserved.

THE FLIGHT OF THE DUCHESS

#### AUGUST THIRTEENTH

He holds on firmly to some thread of life—  
(It is the life to lead perforcedly)  
Which runs across some vast distracting orb  
Of glory on either side that meagre thread,  
Which, conscious of, he must not enter yet—  
The spiritual life around the earthly life.

AN EPISTLE

#### AUGUST FOURTEENTH

Innocence often looks like guiltiness.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

#### AUGUST FIFTEENTH

Songs, Spring thought perfection,  
Summer criticises:  
What in May escaped detection,  
August, past surprises,  
Notes, and names each blunder.

FLUTE-MUSIC

#### AUGUST SIXTEENTH

We women hate a debt, as men a gift.

IN A BALCONY

#### AUGUST SEVENTEENTH

There shall never be one lost good! what was, shall  
live as before;  
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying  
sound;  
What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so  
much good more;  
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a  
perfect round.

ABT VOGLER

#### AUGUST EIGHTEENTH

I say that man was made to grow, not stop;  
That help, he needed once, and needs no more,  
Having grown but an inch by, is withdrawn:  
For he hath new needs, and new helps to these.  
This imports solely, man should mount on each  
New height in view; the help whereby he mounts,  
The ladder-rung his foot has left, may fall,  
Since all things suffer change save God the Truth.

A DEATH IN THE DESERT

#### AUGUST NINETEENTH

Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise  
From outward things, whate'er you may believe.  
There is an inmost centre in us all,  
Where truth abides in fulness; and around,  
Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in.

PARACELSUS

AUGUST TWENTIETH

God breathes, not speaks; his verdict's felt, not  
heard.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

AUGUST TWENTY-FIRST

Only grant that I do serve; if otherwise, why want  
aught further of me?

SORDELLO

AUGUST TWENTY-SECOND

Why should despair be? Since, distinct above  
Man's wickedness and folly, flies the wind  
And floats the cloud, free transport for our soul  
Out of its fleshly durance dim and low.

ARISTOPHANES' APOLOGY

AUGUST TWENTY-THIRD

What's the earth  
With all its art, verse, music, worth —  
Compared with love, found, gained, and kept?

DÏS ALITER VISUM

AUGUST TWENTY-FOURTH

Therefore desire joy and thank God for it.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES

AUGUST TWENTY-FIFTH

The best men ever prove the wisest too:  
Something instinctive guides them still aright.

BALAUSTION'S ADVENTURE

AUGUST TWENTY-SIXTH

Progress, man's distinctive mark alone,  
Not God's, and not the beasts': God is, they  
are,  
Man partly is and wholly hopes to be.

A DEATH IN THE DESERT

AUGUST TWENTY-SEVENTH

I think the soul can never taste death.

PARACELSUS

AUGUST TWENTY-EIGHTH

Be love less or more  
In the heart of man, he keeps it shut  
Or opes it wide, as he pleases, but  
Love's sum remains what it was before.

CHRISTMAS EVE

AUGUST TWENTY-NINTH

There is no trial like the appropriate one  
Of leaving little minds their liberty  
Of littleness to blunder on through life.

PRINCE HOHENSTIEL-SCHWANGAU

AUGUST THIRTIETH

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth  
too hard,  
The passion that left the ground to lose itself  
in the sky,



Are music sent up to God by the lover and the  
bard;

Enough that he heard it once: we shall hear it  
by-and-by.

ABT VOGLER

AUGUST THIRTY-FIRST

'T is the taught already that profits by teaching.

CHRISTMAS EVE





## SEPTEMBER •

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### SEPTEMBER FIRST

OH, good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth,  
This Autumn morning!

JAMES LEE'S WIFE

### SEPTEMBER SECOND

Belief or unbelief  
Bears upon life, determines its whole course,  
Begins at its beginning.

BISHOP BLOUGRAM'S APOLOGY

### SEPTEMBER THIRD

There is a vision in the heart of each  
Of justice, mercy, wisdom, tenderness  
To wrong and pain, and knowledge of its cure.

COLOMBE'S BIRTHDAY

### SEPTEMBER FOURTH

The thing I pity most in men is—action prompted  
by surprise of anger.

A FORGIVENESS

### SEPTEMBER FIFTH

Oh God, who shall pluck the sheep thou holdest  
from thy hand!

THE RING AND THE BOOK

SEPTEMBER SIXTH

I feel Love's sure effect, and being loved must love!

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES

SEPTEMBER SEVENTH

All service ranks the same with God:  
If now, as formerly he trod  
Paradise, his presence fills  
Our earth, each only as God wills  
Can work, — God's puppets, best and worst,  
Are we; there is no last nor first.

PIPPA PASSES

SEPTEMBER EIGHTH

Let our God's praise  
Go bravely through the world at last! What care  
Through me or thee?

PARACELSUS

SEPTEMBER NINTH

Autumn has come like Spring returned to us,  
Won from her girlishness.

PAULINE

SEPTEMBER TENTH

How soon a smile of God can change the world!  
How we are made for happiness — how work  
Grows play, adversity a winning fight!

IN A BALCONY

#### SEPTEMBER ELEVENTH

I looked beyond the world for truth and beauty:  
Sought, found and did my duty.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES

#### SEPTEMBER TWELFTH

I trust in nature for the stable laws  
Of beauty and utility.—Spring shall plant,  
And Autumn garner to the end of time:  
I trust in God—the right shall be the right  
And other than the wrong, while he endures:  
I trust in my own soul, that can perceive  
The outward and the inward, nature's good  
And God's.

A SOUL'S TRAGEDY

#### SEPTEMBER THIRTEENTH

This Autumn was a pleasant time, for some few  
sunny days.

PARACELSUS

#### SEPTEMBER FOURTEENTH

And all day I sent prayer like incense up  
To God the strong, God the beneficent,  
God ever mindful in all strife and strait,  
Who for our own good makes the need extreme,  
Till at last he puts forth might and saves.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

#### SEPTEMBER FIFTEENTH

Just see what life is, with its shifts and turns!

COLOMBE'S BIRTHDAY

SEPTEMBER SIXTEENTH

When Autumn blusters and the orchard rocks.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

SEPTEMBER SEVENTEENTH

Each of us heard clang God's "Come!" and each  
was coming:

Soldiers all, to forward-face, not sneaks to lag behind!

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES

SEPTEMBER EIGHTEENTH

Night set in early; Autumn dewes were rife.

SORDELLO

SEPTEMBER NINETEENTH

All men are men: I would all minds were minds!  
Whereas 'tis just the many's mindless mass  
That most needs helping.

JOCHANAN HAKKADOSH

SEPTEMBER TWENTIETH

The world's tide rolls, and  
What hope of parting from the press of waves?  
My life must be lived out in foam and roar.

SORDELLO

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

Ask thy lone soul what laws are plain to thee—  
Thee and no other: stand and fall by them,  
That is the part for thee.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

Love is born of heart, not mind.

PIETRO OF ABANO

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

Let them pelt and pound, bruise, bray you in a  
mortar!

What 's the odds to you who seek reward of quite  
another nature?

PIETRO OF ABANO

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

Knowledge and power have rights,  
But ignorance and weakness have rights too.

BISHOP BLOUGRAM'S APOLOGY

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

The seeming solitary man, speaking from God,  
May have an audience too, invisible.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

Truth is truth, and justifies itself by undreamed  
ways.

BISHOP BLOUGRAM'S APOLOGY

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

You are endowed with faculties which bear  
Annexed to them as 't were a dispensation  
To summon meaner spirits to do their will.

PARACELSUS

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

She was active, stirring, all fire—  
Could not rest, could not tire—  
To a stone she might have given life!

THE FLIGHT OF THE DUCHESS

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

The angels love to do their work betimes,  
Staunch some wounds here, nor leave so much for  
God.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

SEPTEMBER THIRTIETH

Never the time and the place  
And the loved one all together!

NEVER THE TIME AND THE PLACE





## OCTOBER

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### OCTOBER FIRST

**K**EEP but God's model safe,  
New men will rise to take its mould.

LURIA

### OCTOBER SECOND

How very hard it is to be a Christian!

CHRISTMAS EVE

### OCTOBER THIRD

Early in Autumn, at first Winter-warning.

THE FLIGHT OF THE DUCHESS

### OCTOBER FOURTH

To make, you must be marred,—  
To raise your race, must stoop,—to teach them  
aught, must learn  
Ignorance, meet half-way what most you hope to  
spurn  
I' the sequel.

FIFINE AT THE FAIR

### OCTOBER FIFTH

But hush! for you, can be no despair:  
There's amends: 't is a secret: hope and pray!

THE WORST OF IT

#### OCTOBER SIXTH

Weakness never needs be falseness.

LA SAISIAZ

#### OCTOBER SEVENTH

It's wiser being good than bad;

It's safer being meek than fierce;

It's fitter being sane than mad.

My own hope is, a sun will pierce

The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;

That, after Last, returns the First,

Though a wide compass round be fetched;

That what began best, can't end worst,

Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst.

APPARENT FAILURE

#### OCTOBER EIGHTH

I say, the acknowledgment of God in Christ

Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee

All questions in the earth and out of it.

A DEATH IN THE DESERT

#### OCTOBER NINTH

Autumn wins you best by this its mute appeal to  
sympathy for its decay.

PARACELSUS

#### OCTOBER TENTH

Mercy is safe and graceful.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

#### OCTOBER ELEVENTH

What's failure or success to me?  
I have subdued my life.

PARACELSUS

#### OCTOBER TWELFTH

For I say, this is death and the sole death,  
When a man's loss comes to him from his gain,  
Darkness from light, from knowledge ignorance,  
And lack of love from love made manifest.

A DEATH IN THE DESERT

#### OCTOBER THIRTEENTH

A great is better than a little aim.

COLOMBE'S BIRTHDAY

#### OCTOBER FOURTEENTH

Flowers' departure, frost's arrival.

LA SAISIAZ

#### OCTOBER FIFTEENTH

In short, God's service is established here  
As he determines fit, and not your way,  
And this you cannot brook. Such discontent  
Is weak. Renounce all creatureship at once!

PARACELSUS

#### OCTOBER SIXTEENTH

In this world, who can do a thing, will not;  
And who would do it, cannot, I perceive.

ANDREA DEL SARTO

OCTOBER SEVENTEENTH

Days decrease, and Autumn grows, Autumn in  
everything.

ANDREA DEL SARTO

OCTOBER EIGHTEENTH

( In his face is light, but in his shadow healing too.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

OCTOBER NINETEENTH

Truth is the strong thing. Let man's life be true!

IN A BALCONY

OCTOBER TWENTIETH

Prayers move God. Threats and nothing else move  
men.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

OCTOBER TWENTY-FIRST

For Autumn was the season, red the sky.

ARISTOPHANES' APOLOGY

OCTOBER TWENTY-SECOND

I press God's lamp  
Close to my breast; its splendour, soon or late,  
Will pierce the gloom: I shall emerge one day.

PARACELSUS

OCTOBER TWENTY-THIRD

Well, my life reviewed fairly leaves more hope than  
discouragement.

PRINCE HOHENSTIEL-SCHWANGAU

OCTOBER TWENTY-FOURTH

I will be happy if but for once:  
Only help me, Autumn weather,  
Me and my cares to screen, ensconce  
In luxury's sofa-lap of leather!

ASOLANDO

OCTOBER TWENTY-FIFTH

I was ever a fighter, so — one fight more,  
The best and the last!

PROSPICE

OCTOBER TWENTY-SIXTH

One declining Autumn day —  
Few birds about the heaven chill and gray,  
No wind that cared trouble the tacit woods.

SORDELLO

OCTOBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

Let friend trust friend, and love demand love's like.

LURIA

OCTOBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

Never shall I believe any two souls were made  
Similar; granting, then, each soul of every grade  
Was meant to be itself, prove in itself complete  
And, in completion, good, — nay, best o' the kind.

FIFINE AT THE FAIR

OCTOBER TWENTY-NINTH

Honour is a gift of God to man,  
Precious beyond compare, which natural sense  
Of human rectitude and purity, . . .  
Brooks no touch.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

OCTOBER THIRTIETH

I braved sorrow, courted joy, to just one end:  
Namely, that just the creature I was bound  
To be, I should become, nor thwart at all  
God's purpose in creation.

PRINCE HOHENSTIEL-SCHWANGAU

OCTOBER THIRTY-FIRST

Just so much work as keeps the brain from rust;  
Just so much play as lets the heart expand—  
Honouring God, and serving man, I say—  
These are reality and all else fluff.

THE RING AND THE BOOK



## NOVEMBER

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### NOVEMBER FIRST

A VIRTUE golden through and through,  
Sufficient to vindicate itself  
And prove its worth at a moment's view!

THE STATUE AND THE BUST

### NOVEMBER SECOND

God is soul, souls I and thou:  
With souls should souls have place.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES

### NOVEMBER THIRD

God is, and the soul is, and as certain after death  
shall be.

LA SAISIAZ

### NOVEMBER FOURTH

Be sure they sleep not whom God needs! Nor fear  
Their holding light his charge, when every hour  
That finds that charge delayed, is a new death.

PARACELSUS

### NOVEMBER FIFTH

We all aspire to heaven: and there lies heaven  
above us.

A SOUL'S TRAGEDY

#### NOVEMBER SIXTH

That which seems worst to man to God is best,  
So, because God ordains it, best to man.  
Yet man—the foolish, weak and wicked—prays!  
Urges “My best were better, didst thou know!”

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES

#### NOVEMBER SEVENTH

The world lies under me: and nowhere I detect  
So great a gift as this—God's own—of human life.  
Shall the dead praise thee? No! The whole live  
world is rife,  
God, with thy glory!

DRAMATIC IDYLS

#### NOVEMBER EIGHTH

That low man seeks a little thing to do,  
Sees it and does it:  
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,  
Dies ere he knows it.

A GRAMMARIAN'S FUNERAL

#### NOVEMBER NINTH

Through such souls alone,  
God, stooping, shows sufficient of his light  
For us in the dark to rise by.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

#### NOVEMBER TENTH

When is man strong until he feels alone!

COLOMBE'S BIRTHDAY



NOVEMBER ELEVENTH

No! youth once gone is gone:  
Deeds, let escape, are never to be done.

SORDELLO

NOVEMBER TWELFTH

The world and life's too big to pass for a dream.

FRA LIPPO LIPPI

NOVEMBER THIRTEENTH

Mere decay produces richer life.

SORDELLO

NOVEMBER FOURTEENTH

At worst I have performed my share of the task:  
The rest is God's concern.

PARACELSUS

NOVEMBER FIFTEENTH

And then know that this curse will come on us,  
To see our idols perish.

PAULINE

NOVEMBER SIXTEENTH

Knowing ourselves, our world, our task so great,  
Our time so brief, 't is clear if we refuse  
The means so limited, the tools so rude  
To execute our purpose, life will fleet.

PARACELSUS

NOVEMBER SEVENTEENTH

The common problem, yours, mine, every one's,  
Is—not to fancy what were fair in life  
Provided it could be,—but, finding first  
What may be, then find how to make it fair  
Up to our means: a very different thing!

ARISTOPHANES' APOLOGY

NOVEMBER EIGHTEENTH

Things learned on earth we shall practise in  
heaven.

OLD PICTURES IN FLORENCE

NOVEMBER NINETEENTH

Love which, on earth, amid all the shows of it,  
Has ever been seen the sole good of life in it,  
The love, ever growing there, spite of the strife  
in it,  
Shall arise, made perfect, from death's repose of it.  
And I shall behold thee face to face,  
O God, and in thy light retrace  
How in all I loved here, still wast thou!

CHRISTMAS EVE

NOVEMBER TWENTIETH

The thing that seems  
Mere misery, under human schemes,  
Becomes, regarded by the light  
Of love, as very near, or quite  
As good a gift as joy before.

CHRISTMAS EVE

NOVEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

Calm commonplace which neither missed, nor hit  
Inch-high, inch-low, the placid mark proposed.

CHRISTOPHER SMART

NOVEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

That Time, who in the twilight comes to mend  
All the fantastic day's caprice.

STRAFFORD

NOVEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

And pity is so near to love, and love so neighbourly  
to all unreasonableness.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

NOVEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

Then, welcome each rebuff  
That turns earth's smoothness rough,  
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!  
Be our joys three-parts pain!  
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;  
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge  
the throe!

RABBI BEN EZRA

NOVEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

Oh, faith! where art thou flown from out the world?  
Already on what an age of doubt we fall!

THE RING AND THE BOOK

NOVEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

Yet God is good: I started sure of that,  
And why dispute it now?

PARACELSUS

NOVEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

And so I live, you see,  
Go through the world, try, prove, reject,  
Prefer, still struggling to effect  
My warfare; happy that I can  
Be crossed and thwarted as a man,  
Not left in God's contempt apart,  
With ghastly smooth life, dead at heart.

CHRISTMAS EVE

NOVEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

Well, now, there is nothing in the world or out of  
it good, except truth.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

NOVEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

Hadst thou learned  
What God accounteth happiness,  
Thou wouldst not find it hard to guess  
What hell may be his punishment  
For those who doubt if God invent  
Better than they.

CHRISTMAS EVE

NOVEMBER THIRTIETH

Since I, whom Christ's mouth taught, was bidden  
teach,  
I went, for many years, about the world,  
Saying "It was so; so I heard and saw."

A DEATH IN THE DESERT





## DECEMBER

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### DECEMBER FIRST

**B**UT I have always had one lode-star; now,  
As I look back, I see that I have halted  
Or hastened as I looked towards that star—  
A need, a trust, a yearning after God.

PAULINE

### DECEMBER SECOND

Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know, being old.

RABBI BEN EZRA

### DECEMBER THIRD

And the sin I impute to each frustrate ghost  
Is—the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin.

THE STATUE AND THE BUST

### DECEMBER FOURTH

Only grant my soul may carry high through death  
her cup unspilled.

LA SAISIAZ

### DECEMBER FIFTH

Praise the good log fire; Winter howls without!  
Crowd closer let us!

THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

DECEMBER SIXTH

So death completes living, shows life in its truth.

APOLLO AND THE FATES

DECEMBER SEVENTH

Nay, after earth, comes peace born out of life-long  
battle?

BERNARD DE MANDEVILLE

DECEMBER EIGHTH

What would one have?  
In heaven, perhaps, new chances, one more chance.

ANDREA DEL SARTO

DECEMBER NINTH

What 's time? Leave Now for dogs and apes!  
Man has Forever.

A GRAMMARIAN'S FUNERAL

DECEMBER TENTH

Let a man contend to the uttermost  
For his life's set prize, be it what it will!

THE STATUE AND THE BUST

DECEMBER ELEVENTH

Fail I alone, in words and deeds?  
Why, all men strive and who succeeds?

THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER



DECEMBER TWELFTH

But God, though I am nothing, be thou all!

THE INN ALBUM

DECEMBER THIRTEENTH

So, trial after trial past,  
Wilt thou fall at the very last  
Breathless, half in trance  
With the thrill of the great deliverance.

THE FLIGHT OF THE DUCHESS

DECEMBER FOURTEENTH

Let us leave God alone. Why should I doubt he  
will explain in time?

THE RING AND THE BOOK

DECEMBER FIFTEENTH

The bee with his comb,  
The mouse at her dray,  
The grub in his tomb,  
Wile winter away.

PIPPA PASSES

DECEMBER SIXTEENTH

Ponder on the entire past  
Laid together thus at last.

THE FLIGHT OF THE DUCHESS

DECEMBER SEVENTEENTH

Time fleets how fast! and opportunity, the irrevocable, once flown, will flout him.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

DECEMBER EIGHTEENTH

Let me and you be wipers of scores out with all  
men.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

DECEMBER NINETEENTH

Have you no assurance that, earth at end,  
Wrong will prove right? Who made shall mend  
In higher sphere to which yearnings tend?

REPHAN

DECEMBER TWENTIETH

Better have failed in the high aim, as I,  
Than vulgarly in the low aim succeed.

THE INN ALBUM

DECEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

No, I have light, nor fear the dark at all.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

DECEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

I have lived, then, done and suffered,  
Loved and hated, learnt and taught.

LA SAISIAZ

DECEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

Such save the world which none but they could save,  
Yet think whate'er they did, that world could do.

LURIA

DECEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

I never realised God's birth before—  
How he grew likest God in being born.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

DECEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

Festive bells—everywhere the Feast of the Babe;  
Joy upon earth, peace and good will to man.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

DECEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

Firm like my first fact to stand on "God there is,  
and soul there is."

LA SAISIAZ

DECEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,  
The black minute's at end.

PROSPICE

DECEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

A certain stage  
At least I reach, or dream I reach, where I discern  
Truer truths, laws behold more lawlike than we  
learn.

DRAMATIC IDYLS

DECEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

He came but to forgive, and to bring to life:  
Doubt ye the force of Christmas on the soul?

THE RING AND THE BOOK

DECEMBER THIRTIETH

For the journey is done and the summit attained,  
And the barriers fall.

PROSPICE

DECEMBER THIRTY-FIRST

But deep within my heart of hearts there hid  
Ever the confidence, amends for all,  
That heaven repairs what wrong earth's journey  
did,  
When love from life-long exile comes at call.

BIFURCATION



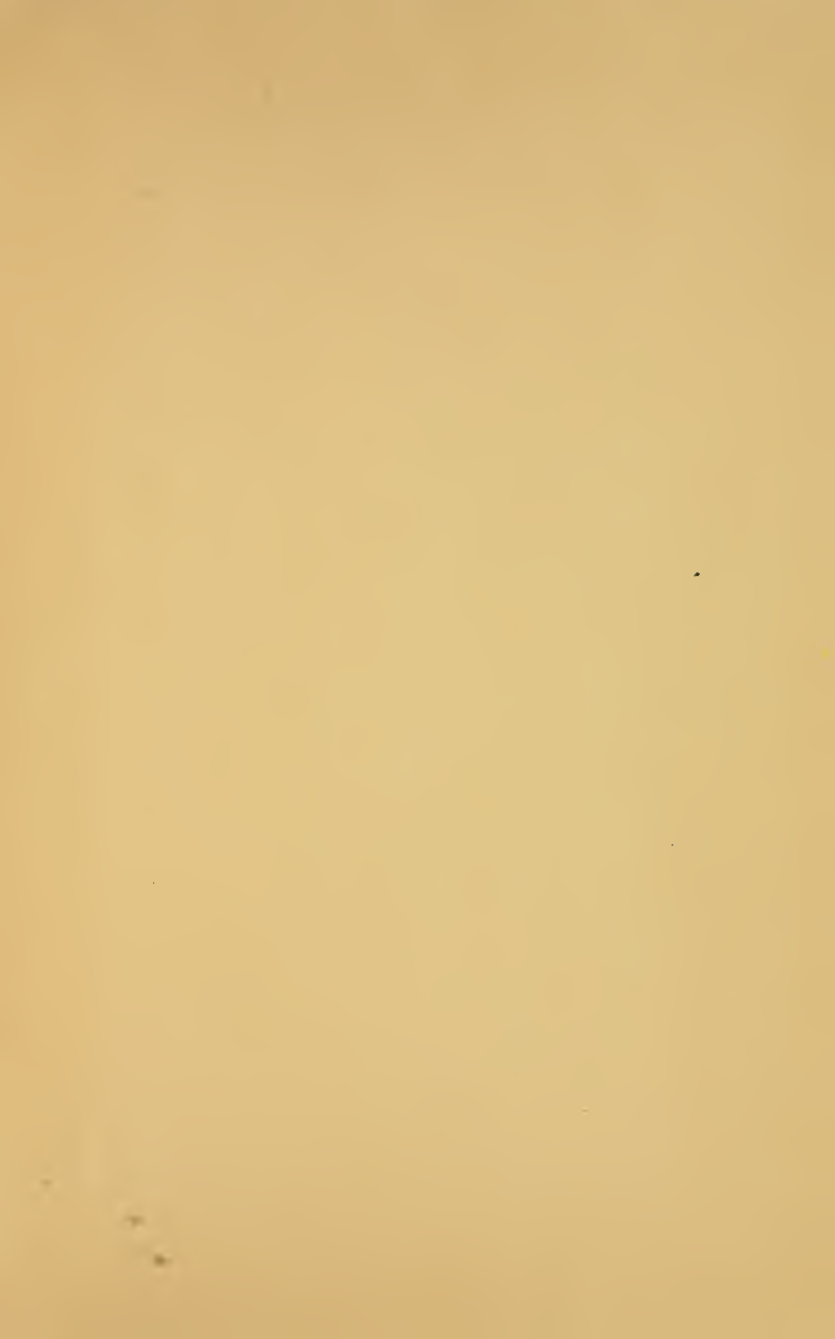
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